



BUNCOM HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER



NOVEMBER 1997

BUNKHOUSE REPAIRS TOP SOCIETY'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN 1997

1997 was another successful year for the Society. While the impact wasn't felt all the way to the White House, as in the Buncom Centennial year of 1996, nonetheless we managed to focus our efforts on two important goals: preserving Buncom's buildings and continuing to make Buncom a focus for our community.

First on the list was completion of structural repairs to the Bunkhouse. Thanks to Grizzly Bear Construction, we replaced the roof, and we contracted to have structural timbers replaced. The building is now the second, after the Post Office, to be ready for many more years of weathering. Still to come to complete the Bunkhouse are adding doors and windows to replace the panelling that has been used to close up the building.

Next, the 4th annual Buncom Day was another financial and community

success. Thanks to Donna Epstein, who put it all together, with able assistance from many members, especially including County Store Chair Rose Marie Leever, we made nearly \$2,000. This year's Buncom Day was a return to the celebrations in the years before the Centennial. We attracted some 500 people with little or no publicity effort, just about perfect for the Memorial Day weekend fest.

Prior to Buncom Day, some two dozen members turned out for our annual Work Party, to clean up the grounds and generally spruce up the townsite for Buncom Day.

Plans for Buncom Day were developed at our annual meeting, held in April, when Society members decided that we wanted to continue the tradition of Buncom Day primarily as an event for neighbors and friends.



Cars Visit Buncom (see Page 2)

A DOG-GONE HEART- WARMING BUNCOM 'TAIL'

By Connie Fowler

She just showed up. It was after dark, and our dogs were barking angrily so I went to investigate and there she was, a sheppard-mix, fairly large dog, obviously lost and rather confused. She came right to me and plopped herself down on the front porch amid very inhospitable remarks from Lucy (the Welch Corgi) and Ginger (our old Border Collie).

"Well," I asked as if I expected a reply, "who are you and where did you come from?" She looked up and moved closer to me looking for comfort. Her faded red collar gave no clue to her owner, and I hoped someone hadn't dumped her. "Maybe your people lost you out of their truck." I suggested to the dog. Her tail wagged lathargically.

She seemed tired and a little sore, but not underfed. "You have a family somewhere, I'll bet." I continued my one sided conversation with the brown and black dog with ears that didn't stand all the way up and kind eyes.

Well, of course I fed her and she took up her new place in front of the door, while the short dog with an attitude objected with snarls and yaps while the old dog went to the side porch to sleep.

She was still there in the morning so I called the Jackson County Shelter to see if anyone had reported her missing. They are, by the way, very nice and helpful in the there and very dedicated to matching lost animals with their people. So far, no one reported a dog with that description but would I keep her a few days and they would let me know. I agreed, to the dismay of Lucy and Ginger.

The dog followed us everywhere and seemed to have no idea where she belonged. I called everyone who knew anything about dogs in the neighborhood and no one knew her. Around noon, I put signs at Buncom saying Found Dog and the phone number.

(Continued on Page 3)

IT'S RENEWAL TIME AGAIN!

It's time to consider renewing your membership for 1998. Annual dues are \$5.00 per year for a single membership or for a family. Make your check payable to "Buncom Historical Society" and send them in with the form on the back page.

All proceeds go to preserve the buildings at Buncom and their history. Donations are tax-deductible.

Thanks in advance for your renewal!

MIKE AND KATHY KENT WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!

There is an old saying, "Make new friends, but keep thee old, one is silver, the other gold." You may remember the Kents, Mike and Kathy, who lived up Grouse Creek. Mike was the local Handyman, from Handyman etc., and Kathy worked at the fire department. (I always said that Mike was every wife's dream, because when you asked him if he could do this or that for you, he responded immediately with, "Piece of cake.") I asked Kathy if he was as helpful at home. She said that she did his schedule, so she just scheduled herself in.

Kathy is a fun, upbeat person and when she suffered a massive stroke, it was devastating. Her road to recovery has been miraculous as well as extremely difficult. She and Mike sold their home and moved to Michigan to be with family and Mike is now working in the computer industry, what he wanted to do eventually here.

Although Kathy is making progress, it is very frustrating and she really misses the Applegate and all her friends here. She would love to hear from any of you. Their e-mail address is SEjock@aol.com and their mailing address is 6304 Rynn Rd., Ruby MI 48049. Their phone number is (810) 984-3747.

ANTIQUE CAR CLUB VISITS BUNCOM

On Aug. 31, some 30 "street rods" – customized old cars, many of them antiques – paid a visit to Buncom as part of a Southern Oregon outing. The informal group, which gets together once a year, is made up of members from a wide geographical area which reaches well into northern California. They were greeted by Society President Reeve Hennion, entertained by Connie Fowler, and members J.B. Roberts, Billy Thomson and David Rothstein provided "local color."

Late in September, Buncom welcomed a half-dozen sporty MGs as another car club made our town a stop on a "treasure hunt" rally. Starting early in the morning and ending with supper at Callahan's, members traversed three counties collecting clues to their final destination.

"DOG-GONE"

(From Page 2)

By evening, no one had responded and the congenial canine spent another night, hardly noticing Lucy's rude comments and Ginger's indifference.

At 8:00 am, the following morning, the phone rang and a woman said, "I saw your sign at Buncom and I sure hope it's my dog." "So do I." I responded.

"She's a sheppard-Lab mix female with ears that tip, she's twelve years old and her name is Betsy." The woman described hopefully. I opened the door and said, "hi Betsy" and the dog responded happily. "Yep, it's her, but she looks much younger." I told the happy person on the other end.

"How'd she get here?" I asked after telling her where I lived.

Mary Salisbury didn't have a clue. Mary, her husband Robert and three children, Colleen, Emily, and Kevin live between the seven and eight mile marker on Sterling Creek and the dog had never left home before. Turns out Mary car pools with Bass' and Baldoni's and others whose kids go to St. Mary's and they meet at Buncom. Mary saw the Found Dog signs when met the car pool and hesitantly called as soon as she got home.

"My kids were devastated when Betsy disappeared. We all were!" Mary said. Mary writes children's books and she shared that she had already written a poem about how they hadn't even gotten to say goodbye to Betsy. Wah!! By now I was sniffing and wiping my eyes.

When Mary's van pulled in the driveway, Betsy went crazy. She whined and jumped around while Mary cried and hugged and petted and I stood bawling my freshly mascaraed eyes out. In the midst of her whining and jumping around, Betsy left Mary and came to me, looked up whined a little thank you and bounded back to Mom.

Later, Mary told me she took Betsy to pick up the kids at school and she told her oldest, Colleen, to put her things in the back of the van. One can only imagine the scene when she saw her beloved Betsy.

My husband, Ben, told me that at about the time Mary would have been meeting the car pool at Buncom, the dog got up off the porch and went out in the driveway and howled. She heard the van at Buncom from our house, 3/10 of a mile away.

All in all it was a doggone good experience. Betsy was back with her family, I made a new writer friend, and Lucy and Ginger got their porch back. The whole thing proves that Buncom is just a Doggone good place to live.

SO, WHAT DO WE CALL IT?

What is is we're doing at Buncom. According to local historians, we have chosen a scheme called "arrested decay." What that means is that we have chosen a point in time and are preserving the buildings as they looked at that time. We have chosen to maintain them in the condition they were in the 1980s.

But now comes member Steve Ryder with another nomination for the term we should use. He presents a story from the New York Times which talks about maintaining Ellis Island in New York Harbor as "stabilized ruins."

So what shall it be? Are our preservation efforts at Buncom "arrested decay" or "stabilized ruins"?

Or do you have a better idea?

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The Buncom Historical Society is a non-profit corporation dedicated to preserving the buildings and history of the ghost town of Buncom, Oregon. Society address: 3232 Little Applegate Road, Jacksonville, OR 97530.

On the Internet: <http://www.mind.net/buncom/>

GIVE BUNCOM FOR CHRISTMAS!

Looking for a unique gift? Give a membership in the Buncom Historical Society. We'll send you a certificate suitable for framing that you can give on Christmas Day. You can be sure your gift won't be duplicated!

BUNCOM HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP DUES

Here's my membership dues for 1998. I've enclosed \$5.00 for an individual or family membership.

Please enter your name(s) as you would like it to appear on the membership certificate, suitable for framing, and the mailing list:

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